

BELL

WAGON TRAIN

Still 10¢
NO. 1019

Somewhere in the wagon train lurked a traitor...
responsible for the broken treaty!





B T

roken reaty

When word of an Indian uprising reaches the wagon train...

Scout McCullough sets out to learn the reason.

His discovery of evidence there is a traitor among the members of the train...



Presents a problem for Major Adams, who must somehow uncover the culprit and amend the **BROKEN TREATY**.



WAGON TRAIN

BROKEN TREATY



ONE EVENING, AS THE WAGON TRAIN IS NEARING FORT BENTON, WHICH MARKS THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE TERRITORY OF THE FRIENDLY SIOUX NATIONS AND THAT OF THE WARLIKE CHEYENNE...



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JUST AS DARKNESS BEGINS TO FALL, THEY CATCH UP WITH THE WAGON TRAIN...







HOW CAN YOU BE SURE?
MCCULLOUGH — SOME-
TIMES YOU MAKE ME SO
DAD-BLAMED MAD I
COULD CHOKE!

NOW, HOLD ON, MAJOR! I
SAW THE INDIANS THAT
WERE CHASING GINTY! THERE
WEREN'T ENOUGH OF THEM
TO ATTACK THIS WAGON
TRAIN!

BUT SUDDENLY...



FROM THE DARKNESS SURROUNDING THE WAGONS,
THERE IS A RAIN OF FIERY ARROWS...



MAJOR! WE'VE GOT
TO GET SOME WATER
ON THOSE FIRES!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

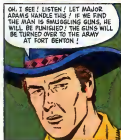


I'M GOING TO CATCH ME A SIOUX
INDIAN AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS
IS ALL ABOUT!



MINUTES LATER...

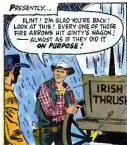




AS FLINT MCCULLOUGH MAKES HIS WAY BACK TOWARD THE WAGONS, THERE IS A SUDDEN CRASH OF THUNDER AND A DOWNPOUR OF RAIN...



PRESENTLY...



**QUICKLY FLINT REPORTS WAR CLOUD'S STORY, WHILE
MAJOR ADAMS GROWS MORE AND MORE ANGRY...**





A BRIEF SEARCH OF GINTY'S EFFECTS TURNS UP NOTHING...





**BUT WHEN THE LAST WAGON TRIES TO FOLLOW THE OTHERS
IT BECOMES HOPELESSLY STUCK IN THE MUD...**

**GINTY! WHAT'S
HOLDING YOU? LET'S
GET GOING!**

**YAAAA! COME ON,
HORSES! MOVE!**

IT'S SINKING DEEPER!



**IT'S NO USE, MAJOR!
LOOK AT THAT! UP TO
THE HOB IN MUD!**

**GINTY! WHAT ARE YOU CARRYING
THAT MAKES THIS WAGON SO HEAVY?**



**WELL, NOTHING, MAJOR—
EXCEPT MY PIANO AND IF
YOU'RE THINKING OF
ABANDONING IT HERE,
I'LL JUST STAY BEHIND
AS WELL!**



**ALL RIGHT! WE CAN'T LEAVE
YOU HERE AT THE MERCY OF
THOSE INDIANS! IF YOU WON'T
JUNK THAT GOL-DARNED PIANO,
WE'LL PULL YOU OUT! BUT
IT'LL PROBABLY TAKE THE
REST OF THE DAY!**



**MACULLOUGH—RIDE FORWARD AND BORROW A
COUPLE OF TEAMS FROM THE OTHER WAGONS! IF
WE PUT ENOUGH ANIMALS ON THIS, WE'LL
MOVE HER OUT!**



FINALLY, AFTER A LONG STRUGGLE, GINTY'S WAGON MOVES SLOWLY TOWARD THE SPOT WHERE THE OTHERS WAIT ON FIRMER GROUND...







Soon...

WAR
CLOUD!

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE I
HAVE KNOWN YOU, YOU LIED TO ME!
YOU DO NOT MOVE TOWARD THE FORT!
NOW YOU AND YOUR ENTIRE
WAGON TRAIN MUST PAY!

A WAGON MOVES
AWAY FROM THE
OTHERS! WHAT
KIND OF TRICK
IS THIS?

NO, WAIT! YOU'LL
SEE WHY WE
COULDN'T MEET
YOU AS WE
PROMISED! JUST
WATCH!



THERE WERE GUNS AND AMMUNITION IN
THAT WAGON, JUST AS YOU SAID! BUT NOW
WE HAVE DESTROYED THEM — AND THE MAN
WHO OWNED THEM WILL BE TURNED OVER
TO THE SOLDIERS AT
FORT BENTON!

IT IS GOOD!

THE TREATY HAS NOT BEEN VIOLATED!
AND THANKS TO YOU, GOOD FRIENDS, WAR
CLOUD IS STILL AT PEACE!



WAGON TRAIN

TROUBLE AT SIERRA

THE SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS LOOM AHEAD... AND THE WAGON TRAIN, LEAD BY MAJOR ADAMS, IS FORCED TO A HALT BY A WASHED-OUT BRIDGE...

WAGONS,
HALT !

NO USE TRYING TO CROSS
THAT RIVER WITHOUT A BRIDGE,
MAJOR... WE'D LOSE HALF
OUR WAGONS !

THE TRAIL AHEAD IS THE ONLY
ONE FOR MULES THAT CAN TAKE
US THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS !
WE'LL MOVE TO CAMP HERE
AND REPAIR THE BRIDGE !

THAT
MIGHT
TAKE
DAYS !

IT'S OUR ONLY CHOICE,
FLINT ! BETTER ALERT
THE WAGONS... WE'LL
CIRCLE AND MAKE
CAMP !

RIGHT, MAJOR ! I'LL
DETACH SOME MEN TO
GATHER AS MUCH
MATERIAL AS THEY
CAN ! WE'LL NEED
EVERY SPLINTER !

EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN IN THE WAGON TRAIN JOINS IN THE DANGEROUS AND DIFFICULT JOB OF REBUILDING THE BRIDGE...



SUDDENLY AN ACCIDENT THROWS FLINT INTO THE RAGING WATER...



AND THE POWERFUL CURRENT SWEEPS HIM DOWNSTREAM...



BUT MAJOR ADAMS ACTS QUICKLY...



AND SHORTLY...



NIGHT FINALLY CALLS A STOP TO THE WORK...

AT LEAST WE GOT A
START TODAY, MAJOR!

IT'LL TAKE TIME, BUT
I THINK WE CAN DO IT!



MAJOR ADAMS!

WHAT'S
THE TROUBLE,
AL?



I JUST CHECKED
WITH DAVE SHENCK!
SOME OF THE FOOD
SUPPLIES ARE
RUNNING PRETTY
LOW!

HOW LONG
WILL THEY
LAST?



TWO, MAYBE THREE DAYS
AT THE MOST!

THAT BRIDGE
WILL TAKE US
AT LEAST
A WEEK!



SIERRA CITY'S ON THIS SIDE OF THE
RIVER, MAJOR! IT'S ABOUT A TEN-
HOUR DRIVE! WE'D BETTER GET
SUPPLIES THERE!



RIGHT! HAVE DAVE MAKE A LIST OF EVERYTHING
WE NEED, AL! WE'LL SEND A WAGON FIRST
THING IN THE MORNING!

YOU WANT
ME TO GO,
MAJOR?











HAVING REGISTERED AT THE HOTEL, BILL WALKS TO THE SUPPLY STORE...

IT'S ALREADY CLOSED!

CLOSED
OPEN 7AM

GUESS I'LL JUST TAKE
A LOOK AROUND TOWN
BEFORE I TURN IN...



I'M NO KID! I'M
FIFTEEN!

THAT OLD, HOW? I
NEVER WOULD HAVE
GUESSED IT!

HAVEN'T SEEN YOU
AROUND TOWN BEFORE,
KID! YOU LIVE HERE?

I'M WITH MAJOR
ADAMS' WAGON
TRAIN... IN CHARGE
OF SUPPLIES!

SAV, YOU'RE
A PRETTY
IMPORTANT
MAN, THEN!

I CAME ALL THE WAY FROM
SIERRA CROSSING... ALONE!
I'M BUYING SUPPLIES TOMORROW
AND TAKING THEM BACK TO THE
TRAIN!







THE NEXT EVENING, WHEN BILL CARSON FAILS TO RETURN ON TIME...



BY DAWN THE FOLLOWING MORNING, MAJOR ADAMS ARRIVES IN SIERRA...

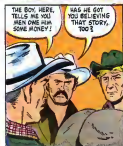


AS THE MAJOR DISMOUNTS...



BILL EXPLAINS WHAT HAS HAPPENED...







YOUNG BILL FIGHTS LIKE A WILD TIGER...



ALL RIGHT, BILL! — TAKE
A LOOK IN THEIR SADDLEBAG!



HERE'S THE MONEY POCK,
MAJOR! I HOPE THE MONEY'S
ALL THERE!



AS MAJOR ADAMS EXAMINES THE RECOVERED MONEY
BAG, ONE OF THE OUTLAWS STIRS AND GOES FOR HIS
GUN...



THE MAJOR WHIRLS AND FIRES...





A SHORT TIME LATER...

THANKS FOR YOUR HELP! I PROMISE YOU THESE TWO WON'T BE ROBBING ANYBODY AGAIN! NOT WHERE THEY'RE GOING!

GOOD! COME ON, BILL! LET'S GET THOSE SUPPLIES AND GET BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN!



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE WAGONTRAIN CAMP...

YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. CARSON — YOUR BOY DOES FOOLISH THINGS, ALL RIGHT... BUT I WISH WE HAD MORE LIKE HIM!

WHY?



BILL GOT MIXED UP IN HELPING THE DEPUTY IN SIERRA CAPTURE A COUPLE OF OUTLAWS...AND HE RISKED HIS FOOL NECK TO SAVE MY LIFE!... YES SIR, HE'S A BOY TO BE PROUD OF!

WELL, I'LL BE A LEAPH' COYOTE!



SOON, THE BRIDGE IS FINISHED AND THE WAGONS ONCE AGAIN MOVE OUT...

IF YOU WANT TO REST, PA... GOON BACK INSIDE THE WAGON! I'LL DRIVE A SPELL!

I'LL JUST DO THAT, SON! WITH YOU DRIVING, I KNOW WE'RE IN REAL GOOD HANDS!



A PLEDGE TO PARENTS



The Dell Pledge is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "Dell Comics are good comics" is our only credo and constant goal.

THE WAGER

THE MAJOR RETURNS AFTER A SHORT FORAY...

THEY MEAN TO MAKE TROUBLE FOR US, FLINT! THEY DEMAND FIVE WINCHESTERS IN RETURN FOR SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH GRANITE PASS!

YOU SURELY TURNED DOWN THAT PROPOSITION...

I HAD TO DO SOME QUICK THINKING SO I MADE THEM A LITTLE WAGER! 1...

OH, OH...LOOK WHAT'S COMING! LET ME HANDLE THIS ONE! LET ME DO THE TALKING!

WAIT, FLINT...

BUT BEFORE FLINT CAN SPEAK, THE INDIAN LASHES OUT UNEXPECTEDLY...

SO THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT? WELL, IF IT'S A FIGHT YOU WANT...

THE WARRIOR IS A GOOD FIGHTER, BUT NOT GOOD ENOUGH...

LATER...

LIKE I WAS SAYING, I MADE A WAGER... THEIR BEST BRIDE AGAINST ONE OF US... FOR SAFE PASSAGE OR ELSE WE FORFEIT THE GUNS! I HAD INTENDED TO DO THE HONORS, FLINT, BUT THANKS FOR TAKING MY PLACE!

Trails to Travel



When the first pioneers pushed across the western country, they traveled on horseback or on foot, paying Indians to guide them. Later, when they moved into territory unexplored by the Indians, they had to find their way alone.



These adventurers knew that others would not be far behind, so they left markers to guide them. Stones were stacked into cairns, making a course to be followed.



A single tree in a meadow often served as a guidepost. Directions, messages, and data carved into its bark were aids to everyone who happened to pass that way.



Even mountains served as bulletin posts. There, etched in berry juice on its stone, were maps of waterholes and springs where tired explorers could be refreshed.



Later, when wagon trains began making the long trek, the scout headed the signs and markers, and he, too, left his messages to tell others of shorter and better routes.